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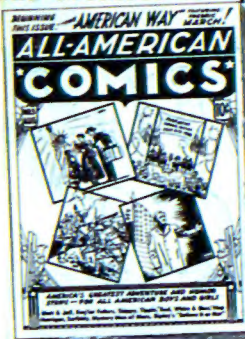
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THE GIRL AND THE GAMBLER

with
LEO CARRILLO

THE HOUSE OF FEAR

with
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THE FAMILY

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with
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SANDMAN

**EARLY
PRIZE**

A FOGGY MIDNIGHT.... ON THE WATERFRONT... FROM A DEEP SHADOW ON AN AGED PIER, A GIRL SPIES UPON TWO MEN WHO STEALTHILY BOARD A DECREPIT OLD FREIGHTER.....



BUT THE SPY IS SPIED UPON! — UNKNOWN TO THE GIRL, A BLACK-CAPED, STRANGELY-MAKED FIGURE PATIENTLY OBSERVES HER EVERY MOVE — THE SANDMAN!!



THE TWO MEN WHO HAVE BOARDED THE FREIGHTER ENTER A CABIN....



OF COURSE!
I'LL GET SOME —
AT MY PRICE!

I... I'VE ONLY
GOT FIVE DOLLARS
WING....



WHAT?
ONLY FIVE
BUCKS?!

WHY YOU DANDELING HOP-
HEAD! — I'D NEVER LET YOU
ABOARD IF I'D KNOWN! — MY
PRICE TO YOU IS TWENTY
FIVE DOLLARS — OR NO
SMOKE!!



PLEASE,
WING?
PLEASE?

DO YOU THINK I'M IN
NARCOTICS FOR FUN? — I'M
AFTER MONEY! — BIG MONEY!
AND I CAN GET IT — LOOK!



ALL THOSE MEN HAVE MONEY!
LOTS OF IT! — THEY PAY RIS!
I'M THROUGH WITH TH' OLD
PENNY-ANNIE GAME!!





NOW GIT OUT! -
AN' DON'T SHOW
YER NECK IN HERE
AGAIN - LESS'N
YOU GOT MONEY!

I'M AN OLD CUSTOMER - I
KNOW ALL ABOUT YOU - IF
YOU THROW ME OUT... I...
I'LL SQUEAL TO THE
COPS! - YHEAR? - I'LL
SQUEAL!!



OH! - SO YOU'LL SQUEAL?
WELL... WELL... YHEARD
THAT, TIPPER? - HE'LL
SQUEAL - - -



MEANWHILE, THE GIRL ON THE DOCK HAD
GOTTEN ABOARD - - -



HE'S STILL BREATHIN',
WING - GUESS YA DIDN'T
CLIP 'IM HARD 'NUFF -

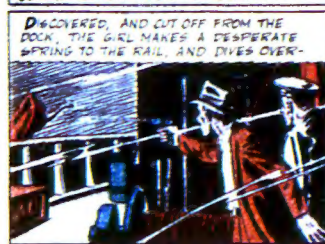
HE WON'T BE
BREATHIN' MUCH
LONGER - NO
ON TH' RIVER
BOTTOM -



MURDER!

THIS... THIS STORY'S
MORE THAN I BARGAINED
FOR!... I SHOULD
HAVE - - -

AT THAT MOMENT, HER COAT BELT-BUCKLE
CLINKS AGAINST AN EMPTY OIL DRUM - - -



DISCOVERED, AND CUT OFF FROM THE
DOCK, THE GIRL MAKES A DESPERATE
SPRING TO THE RAIL, AND DIVES OVER -

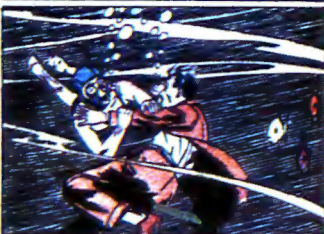
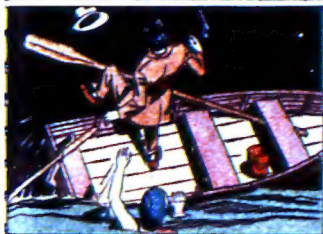


MUSTA FLUGGED
HER - SHE AINT
COME UP -

THERE SHE IS!
WAY OUT THERE! - WE
GOT TO STOP HER!
CALL TH' BOYS!

IN A MINUTE KING'S BOAT IS FLYING THE
FOG-BOUND WATERS----

HUR TH'
DOCKS!- DON'T LET
HER GET AWAY!
WE'LL MOTOR 'ROUND
AN' FIND HER!



A SPLASH
TO THE LEFT!
THE GIRL!



SWIMMING UNDERWATER, THE SANDMAN COMES
UP BY THE TIRED GIRL----

WHAT?!

WHO ARE...
?!

SSH!- THE SANDMAN...
FOLLOW ME!- I HAVE
A BOAT-



I'VE HEARD A LOT ABOUT
YOU, MR. SANDMAN-BUT
BELIEVE ME, I NEVER
EXPECTED TO BE
RESCUED BY YOU!!

YOU HAVEN'T
BEEN---YET!
LISTEN!- I
MOTOR!



KING'S BOAT!- HE'S
COMING TOWARD US-GET
DOWN ON THE BOTTOM,
WHILE I SLIP ON THIS
HAT AND COAT-



WING'S BOAT LOOMS IN THE FOG---- THE MOTOR IS CUT---- WING CALLS----

ANY SIGNS OF HER, TIPPER?

NO!

WITH A CURSE, WING SWITCHES ON THE MOTOR AND GOES BY----

WHEW! THAT WAS CLOSE!!

NOW'S OUR CHANCE TO GET ASHORE!!

WING, LOOK! IT'S HER!!

QUICK!- A BURST FROM YOUR TOMMY GUN!- ED, STEP UP TH' MOTOR TO COVER IT!

BOSS!- IT AIN'T HER?! IT'S TIPPER?!

THEN WHO WAS IN THAT BOAT?

TH' GIRL WAS AN ACCOMPLICE BACK AFTER 'EM!!

THERE THEY GO!- INTO THAT ABANDONED POWER HOUSE!!

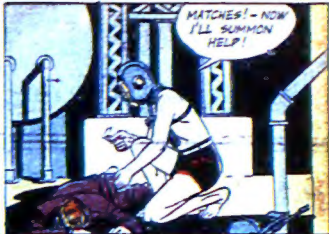
RALLY TH' BOYS!! SURROUND TH' BUILDING!- DON'T LET 'EM ESCAPE!!

WE'RE TRAPPED BACK INSIDE

CRAWL IN THIS OLD FURNACE- AND STAY THERE!

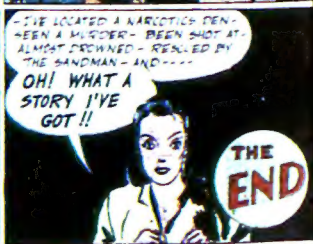
BUT YOU...?!





SUDDENLY, AS THE SANDMAN IS CLIMBING UP INTO THE BUILDING, A LIGHT FLASHES ON HIM....





Adventure in Stamps



quite an interesting history. It was formerly an independent native kingdom in the South Pacific Ocean east of Fiji and was early cultivated by foreign traders. In 1872 the harbor of Pago Pago was ceded to the United States for use as a naval base. This caused some friction and apprehension in other countries also interested in South Sea Island trade. Great Britain was especially perturbed. In 1889 a conference was called between the United States, Great Britain and Germany that resulted in Samoa being declared neutral territory with the natives being allowed to rule themselves according to their own laws and customs. 1898 saw a lot of disturbance in the islands due to rival native factions and disputes as to throne succession. Great Britain and the United States both stepped out of the picture to let the natives fight it out but Germany still maintained her influence in some of the islands. In 1900 Germany issued postage stamps for Samoa. Early in the World War the islands under

WHAT does the name Samoa mean to you? Do you not at once think of a South Sea Island paradise where palm trees sway in the breeze and picturesque natives play upon the warm sandy beaches? Look at the Samoan stamp illustrated on this page. It was issued in 1887 by the Native Government and is the lowest value of a series of seven issued on that date. Samoa has had

German domination were occupied by New Zealand forces in the name of Britain. Since then Samoa has become a full-fledged British colony and is now known as the Territory of Western Samoa. A beautiful pictorial set of stamps was issued in 1935 that shows many interesting phases of native life. The only native king to have his picture on a stamp was King Mafalea Laupepe whose portrait graced the two and one-half pence rose stamp of 1892. Be wary of the first issue of Samoan stamps that has the word "express" across the center for there are many reprints and counterfeits in existence. Genuine stamps of this series are quite valuable and hard to get.



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Barry O'Neill

by Win

BARRY O'NEILL IS MISSING IN TUNIS... LE GRAND WHO HAD ACCOMPANIED HIM THERE TO INVESTIGATE RUMORS OF ESPIONAGE, DISCUSSES THE RUMOR WITH AN INTELLIGENCE ATTACHE.

IT'S HARD TO BELIEVE ANYTHING COULD HAPPEN... WE HAVE THINGS GUARDED SO VERY WELL... YET SOMETHING'S WRONG!

AND ZERE ARE NO CLUES?

X-3 REPORTS HE IS WORKING ON ONE... THE MANEUVERS MUST TAKE PLACE... THE IMPORTANCE OF THE ARRIVAL OF THE FLEET IS MOST VITAL!

DURING THEIR DISCUSSION A CITY GUARD ENTERS WITH BAD NEWS

X-3 WAS FOUND DEAD AN HOUR AGO FLOATING NEAR THE PIER... OF O'NEILL NOT A TRACE..

POOR X-3... EET EES TOO BAD... I MEES BARRY, OUR EET EES ALL VAREE BAD.

COME, COME MONSIEUR THERE IS NO TIME FOR SENTIMENT

HERE IN THE DEEPEST PART THE FLEET WILL ANCHOR FOR THE PAST TWO WEEKS A SALVAGE BOAT HAS OPERATED HERE.

THEES SALVAGE BOAT SHE HAS BEEN THOROUGHLY INVESTIGATED... NO?

WHY YES... THAT IS I MEAN...

WE'VE GOT TO MOVE
FASTER. THE FRENCH
FLEET WILL SOON
BE ARRIVING

WE'D DO OUR
BEST BOSS!

ABOARD
THE
SALVAGE BOAT
"ECIL KRULL"
IS
PATIENT



HEY HELLERS! THERE
COMES A BOAT. BETTER
TELL THE BOSS



THAT LOOKS LIKE THE
PORT AUTHORITIES...
I GUESS THAT WE
CAN HANDLE THEM



HELLO THERE!
WERE COMING
ABOARD

WELL MIGHT COME ALONG
SIDE. WATCH YOUR STEP
ON THAT LADDER!



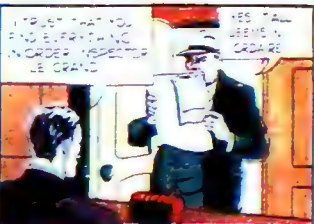
INSPECTOR LE
GRAND WOULD LIKE TO
SEE YOUR PAPERS

M. ECIL KRULL
THE OWNER. STEP
INTO MY CABIN



I TRUST THAT YOU
FIND EVERYTHING
IN ORDER. INSPECTOR
LE GRAND

YES. EVERY
THING IS IN
ORDER



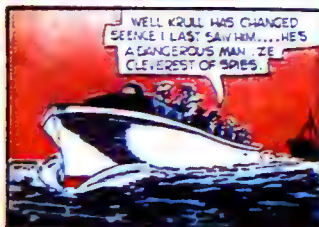
THERE EES NO
REASON TO DE-
LAY YOU FURTHER
GOOD DAY

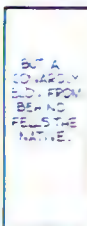
GOOD DAY
INSPECTOR



INSPECTOR LE GRAND! THAT'S BAD
KNOW. DON'T FOOL HIM. HE'LL
HAVE TO BE TAKEN
CARE OF AT ONCE!







IN A DINGY SPOT KRULL LOOKS OVER THE CHART OF MINE LOCATIONS THE WORK OF THE SALVAGE SHIP.



THAT CHART IS COMPLETE KRULL



FINE YOUR CONTROL BOARD UNDER THE DOCK IS ALSO COMPLETED

ONE OF LE GRAND'S CAPTORS REPORTS TO KRULL.



YOUR PRISONER IS SET UP AND MADE COZY IN THE CELLAR.

AHA—SO NO, THE TABLES ARE TURNED. I WILL SEE WHY AS HE SAYS HE, A PRISONER BUT I'LL SURE MAKE HIM SUFFER FOR ALL OF HIS SNOOPING



JAGLOP DUREZ HAS BEEN CAPTURED WHAT FEELS YOUR FRENCH MAN REPORTING

WINE BACK ON THE BOMB YOU HAD RECOGNIZED ME INSPECTOR—TAT CAPE



IF YOU AND THEY HAVE ARRANGED A SHOW-UP OR TWO FRENCH FLEET

YOU WILL NEVER GET AWAY WITH IT TAT

RECOVERING FROM THE BLOW ON HIS HEAD THE NATIVE STAGGERS TOWNS STREET



THOSE ACCURSED ASSAULTS SHALL FEEL MY REVENGE



NO, FULLY RECOVERED THE NATIVE PACE. AS HE SEES A FAMILIAR LOOKING CAR

COULD HE BE DOING WHAT HE AT FIRST THOUGHT



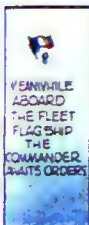
INSPECTOR LE GRAND AND A MAN IN A SUIT ARE TALKING TO A MAN IN A MILITARY UNIFORM.

AIRPLANE RIDE?
WHAT ARE YOU GOING
TO DO W/ Z ME?
PEEGS!



A
FIGURE
LEAPS ON
THE BACK
OF THE CAR

YOU'RE GOING TO BAIL
OUT OF THE PLANE
OVER THE SEA - AND
NO PARACHUTE

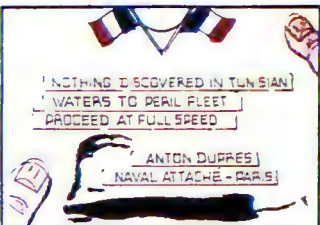


MEANWHILE
ABOARD
THE FLEET
FLAGSHIP
THE
COMMANDER
AWAITS ORDERS



WHAT IS IT
LIEUTENANT?

A RADIOGRAM,
SIR.



NOTHING DISCOVERED IN TUNISIAN
WATERS TO PERIL FLEET
PROCEED AT FULL SPEED

ANTON DUPRES
NAVAL ATTACHE - PARIS



THE
UNSUSPECTING
FLEET STEAMS
TOWARD TUNIS
LITTLE
REALIZING THE
WATERS ARE
MINED WITH
HIGH
EXPLOSIVES



INSPECTOR LE GRAND BOUND AND
GAGGED IS LOADED INTO AN AIRPLANE

WHAT DO
YOU THINK
BLOKE?

GO OUT FAR ENOUGH
SO WHEN YOU DUMPHIM
YOU WON'T BE SEEN BY ANY
OF THE FISHING BOATS



AS THE
PLANE
TAKES OFF
A FAMILIAR
FIGURE
GRASPS THE
LANDING GEAR

TO BE
CONTINUED

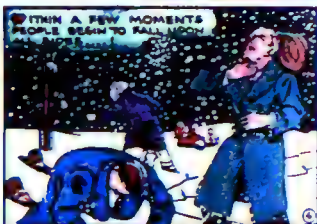
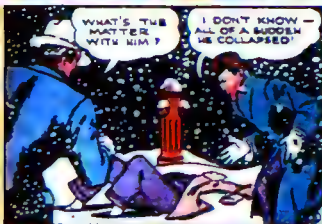
FEDERAL MEN

JERRY SIEGEL



THE CITIZENS OF CORNVILLE HURRY ABOUT THEIR DAILY TASKS, UNMINDFUL OF THE HEAVY CLOUDS GATHERING OVERHEAD

AS THE WEATHER GROWS EVEN MORE CHILLY, THE FIRST OF THE SNOWFLAKES FLOUT SAILY DOWNWARD—

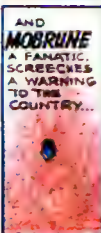
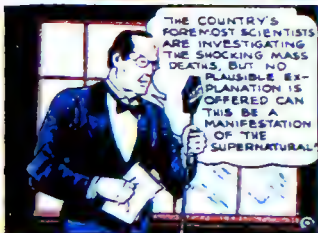


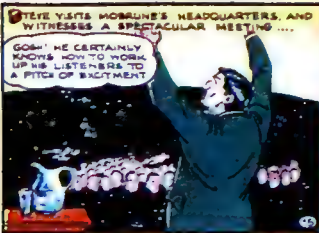
WANG BRIPS THE POPULACE! MOST RUSH FRENZIEDLY ABOUT, SHAKING AGAINST THE UNKNOWN FORCE THAT CAUSES THEM TO FALL BY THE HUNDREDS!

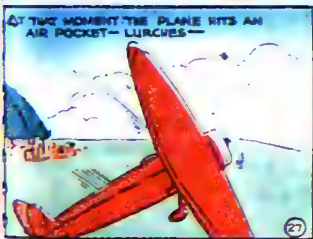
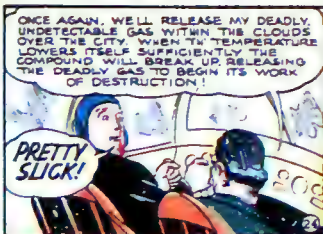
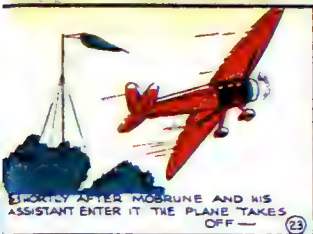


WHEN THE SNOWSTORM STOPS.. NO ONE STIRS.. CORNVILLE IS A CITY OF CORPSES!

THE
TRIBLE
NEWS IS
DISPATCHED
TO A
STUNNED
NATION...







JUNIOR FEDERAL MEN CLUB

Conducted By STEVE CARSON

HELLO again, Members!

I hope that you have started your *dossiers* by this time. In the event any of you Junior Federal Men missed my article last month (Detective Comics, July, 1939) be sure to get a copy of the magazine and read about my notes on preparing a *dossier*.

I want to tell you this month about the manner in which a noted detective went about solving: first, a disappearance; and second, a murder. I think that if you clip this article, together with the ones to follow in which I will point out to you the methods of various famous detectives, they will come in handy in cases with which you yourself may have contact.

Imagine a well-known lawyer suddenly disappearing from his home and family, leaving no trace behind him. You are given the case and you immediately make a *dossier* on it, filing within it all information and data you can se-

cure about the man who vanishes, whom we shall call Mr. Smith.

The detective who solved this mysterious event went to the family and learned that Mr. Smith was apparently happy, of good financial standing, and had no reason to disappear. Yet the detective feared foul play.

During his investigations he learned of a family friend; and on going to see this friend, took an instant dislike to him. He had no proof of murder or forcible abduction and so matters stood—until one day the detective received a note in the morning mail from a "Mr. Jones." This note stated that Mr. Smith had visited Mr. Jones and had accidentally shot and killed himself while there. Jones said he failed to tell this to the police sooner because he was afraid he would be believed guilty.

When the detective went to the address given he found the dead body of the vanished lawyer, but

no clues either as to why he had gone there, or where Mr. Jones had gone.

The detective broadcast a description of Mr. Jones and enlisted the aid of policemen in all countries. Failure met him at every turn. But the detective possessed one strong quality—he never gave up!

By constant effort he discovered that the friend of Mr. Smith whom he disliked had a younger brother. In investigating this brother he found he had a French accent! With this information, the detective found a hotel porter who recalled such a person, and showed a hat he had left behind. The hatmaker, when confronted, identified the younger brother of the friend as Mr. Jones!

The detective felt he had a good start and secured the handwriting of the younger brother, which tallied with the handwriting of the mysterious "Mr. Jones"!

Confronted with this indisputable evidence, the two brothers confessed to the murder of Mr. Smith, giving as motive the fact that Smith, the lawyer, had caught them in a fraudulent transaction and they killed him to protect themselves.

This case illustrates the cardinal principle which governs a detective—no matter how little clues there are, never give up! The cleverest criminal makes some mistakes, and a detective or a JUNIOR FEDERAL MAN must be smart enough to recognize them when they occur!

Yours for LAW and ORDER

Steve Carson

Here's Your Chance to Join the Junior FEDERAL MEN Club

Steve Carson,
J. F. M. C. Headquarters,
480 Lexington Ave., New York City

Dear Steve:

Please enlist me as a member of your JUNIOR FEDERAL MEN CLUB. I want to help you promote Law and Order. Enclosed is 10 cents, for which please send me my Badge, Certificate and Operator's Number.

Name.....Age.....

Address.....

City and State.....

CINEMA DUST

by -SHELDON
MOLDOFF-

WALLACE BEEPY

CAN PLAY OVER
300 TUNES ON
THE PIANO ENTIRE-
LY BY EAR AND
CAN SING THE
WORDS TO MORE
THAN 100 OF THEM

OH YOU
DON'T SAY.
WOO WOO. I'D
BETTER TURN
AROUND. WOO
OO. WOO-WOO

SIR ARTHUR
CONAN DOYLE
WAS TALKING WITH A
TEN DOLLAR A WEEK
ACTOR... JOKINGLY THE
ACTOR SUGGESTED
THEY DIVIDE THEIR
INCOMES WITH EACH
OTHER FOR THE REST
OF THEIR LIVES.
CONAN DOYLE REFUSED!

THE ACTOR WAS
CHARLIE CHAPLIN

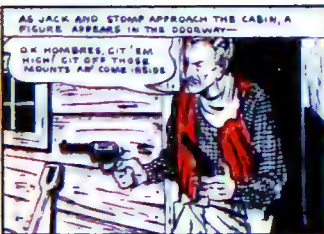
THE
LEFT SIDE
OF AN ACTOR'S
FACE PHOTO'S
BETTER THAN
THE RIGHT
SIDE !!

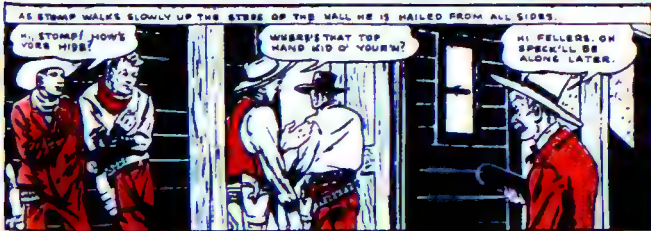
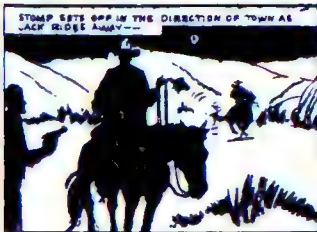
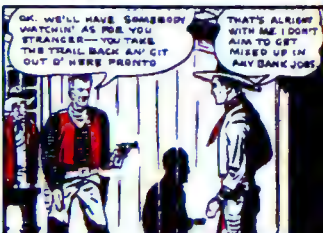


JACK WOODS



AFTER CLEARING UP THE WOLF RUCKUS CASE, JACK HIT THE TRAIL AGAIN. WE FIND HIM NOW APPROACHING AN OLD MAN A FEW MILES OUTSIDE OF THE LITTLE TOWN OF MONDOS.





AS THE FIRST STRINGS OF MUSIC DRIFT ACROSS
THE TOWN—



ON THE LOW ROOF OF A STORE LURKS THE
BANDIT LOOKOUT—



A SILENT FIGURE LEAPS—



THERE! I GUESS
THAT'LL HOLD YOU
FOR AWHILE



MEANWHILE IN THE DANCE HALL—

HERE COMES
THE SHERIFF!

HI, SHERIFF! YUH
GONNA CALL OUT
A FEW NUMBERS?

SURE
THING!



BY GUM THERE'S
JACK WOODS! I
THOUGHT HE'D
RUN OFF



HAVE THAT OTHER
FIDDLER TAKE
YOUR PLACE. I'LL
MEET OUT IN BACK



IN A CLOSED STORE NEAR TO THE DANCE HALL—

ABOUT TIME FOR THE
POOLED JIGGER TO STRIKE
UP, HINT IT?

YEAH, I JUST SAW THE
SHERIFF GO INSIDE.

LET'S GO THEN, MIGUEL,
YOU STAY HERE AND
KEEP YOUR EYES
OPEN.

GENE'S
STORE

WHILE IN BACK OF THE HALL—

I GOT THE LOOKOUT IN
FRONT SLASH HAS SPECK
LED TO A HORSE, SO IF HE
DOESN'T HEAR THAT TUNE—!

WELL, LET'S GET
GOIN' THEN!

TAKE IT EASY WE
DON'T WANT TO
HUFF THIS.

LOOK, JACK! THERE'S
SLASH AND HIS MOB
NOW!

NOW GO BACK IN BY
THAT FRONT DOOR, MIGUEL,
AND COME RUNNIN' IF YOU
SEE ANYTHIN'!

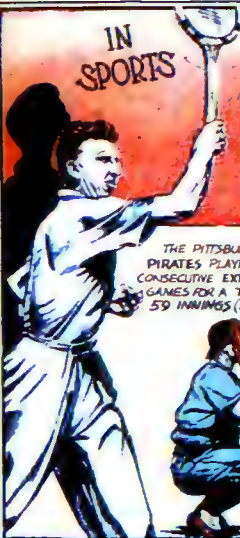
WAIT HERE, STOMP
AND KEEP UP ON
SIGHT.

JACK CREEPS INTO THE STORE AFTER MIGUEL—

WILL JACK
AND STOMP
BE ABLE TO
SAVE SPECK?
SEE THE
NEXT ISSUE
FOR THE
ANSWER.

FANTASTIC-FACTS

IN SPORTS



PROFESSIONAL TENNIS PLAYERS LIKE DON BUDGE CAN SMASH THE BALL AT THE SPEED OF 120 MILES PER HOUR!!

THE PITTSBURGH PIRATES PLAYED 4 CONSECUTIVE EXTRA-INNING GAMES FOR A TOTAL OF 59 INNINGS (AUG. 1917)

AN NO EXTRA PAY



CATCHER ART WILSON WAS CREDITED WITH RETIRING THE FIRST NINE BROOKLYN BATTERS IN A GAME OF MAY 30, 1911!!



HOW LONG HAVE I BEEN ASLEEP?



DIRECT SUNSHINE, FALLING ON THE ADULT BODY DURING A 30 MINUTE SUNBATH GIVES ENOUGH HEAT TO BOIL A GALLON OF WATER



120 ANTHILLS

FORM NATURAL HAZARDS AT THE STRANGE GOLF COURSE OF ELISABETHVILLE IN THE BELGIAN CONGO - SOME STAND AS HIGH AS 35 FEET!

THE LEANING TOWER OF PISA WAS CONSTRUCTED ASLANT



IT STARTED TO SAG BEFORE IT WAS COMPLETED SO ITS BUILDERS CHANGED IT'S DESIGN

THAT'S WHY IT IS STILL STANDING!

- Peekin At Pictures -

GEORGE O'BRIEN

ONCE PLAYED THE
PART OF A SHARK-
HE SWAM AROUND
WITH A FIN
FASTENED TO
HIS BACK.



SONJA
FENE

IS AFRAID
OF THE DARK
SO SHE HAS
LIGHT BURNING
IN HER ROOM
ALL NIGHT-
OTHERWISE SHE
CAN'T SLEEP.

DOUGLAS
FAIRBANKS JR.

ONCE
ATTENDED
A HOLLYWOOD
SCHOOL FOR
GIRLS

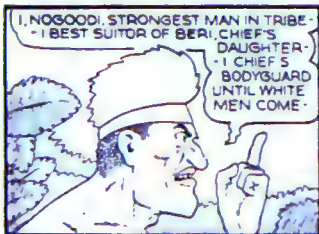
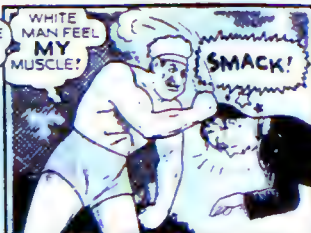


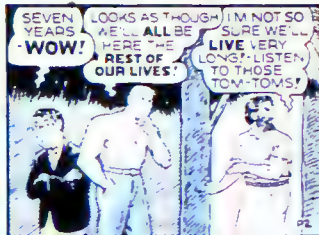
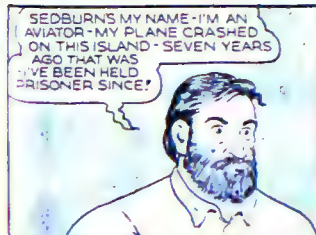
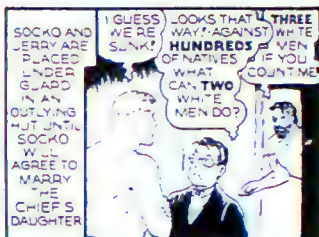
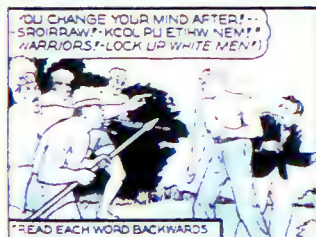
WINDOW PANES THAT ACTORS
DIVE THROUGH ARE MADE
OF CLEAR SUGAR CANDY.

SOCKO STRONG

SOCKO STRONG AND JERRY INDUTCH HAVE BEEN SHIP-WRECKED AND ARE NOW ON A TROPICAL ISLAND WHERE SOCKO IS THE NEW BODY-GUARD OF THE NATIVE CHIEF. JERRY SPENDS HIS TIME COURTING BERI, THE CHIEF'S PRETTY DAUGHTER.

by KOPPY





LOOK!-THE WITCH DOCTORS
ARE GATHERING TOGETHER-
THEY WILL DECIDE WHETHER
WE LIVE- OR DIE!

OH-WOE
IS ME!

THE
WITCH
DOCTORS
DECIDE
THE FATE
OF THE
THREE
WHITE
CAPTIVES

TAHW SI
EHT TODREV?
(WHAT IS
THE VERDICT?)

HTAED! HTAED! NI NEVES SYAD!
(DEATH!) (DEATH!) (IN SEVEN DAYS!)

A DAY OF
ANXIOUS
WAITING
PASSES
-TWO
DAYS-
-THREE
DAYS-

SURE!-WE'RE NOT TIED-
LET'S MAKE A BREAK!
WHY CAN'T WE ESCAPE?
I'LL SHOW YOU WHY!

ONE LITTLE JAB FROM THOSE
POISONED SPEARS AND WE'LL
DIE IN **AGONY!**

LOOK!-THERE'S THE
CHIEF'S DAUGHTER!

HEY, BERI!

BERI SORRY TO SEE WHITE
MEN TO DIE-ESPECIALLY
MUCH CUTE ONE IN THE
FRECKLES!

*YOU
MARRY
ME-NO?

NO!

WAIT A MINUTE!
-WHERE DID YOU
GET THIS
CASE?

OH-THIS NICE
TOY FLOAT
ASHORE ON
WRECKED SHIP

YOU
WAN?

YOU BET I WANT!- THAT'S A
PORTABLE MOTION PICTURE
PROJECTOR- COMPLETE
WITH FILM AND
BATTERY!



SO WHAT!

SO I'VE GOT AN IDEA!
- WE **MAY** DIE ON
THE SEVENTH DAY-
AND THEN AGAIN-
WE **MAY NOT!!**



A-
SUNSET
ON THE
SEVENTH
DAY---

TOM-TOM!!

TOM-TOM-TOM

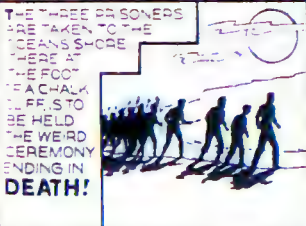
TOM-TOM



SEVEN DAYS HAVE GONE-
AND NOW YOU **DIE!**



THE THREE PRISONERS
ARE TAKEN TO THE
OCEAN'S SHORE
THERE AT
THE FOOT
OF A CHALK
CLIFF, IS TO
BE HELD
THE WEIRD
CEREMONY
ENDING IN
DEATH!

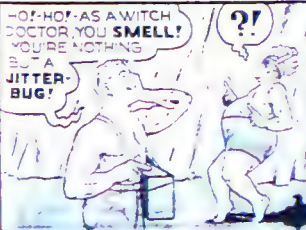


THE HEAD
WITCH
DOCTOR
BEGINS
A WEIRD
INCAN-
TATION---

YET LA-SE-DE-DE-DE-DE!
(THEY SHALL DE-DE-DE-DE!)

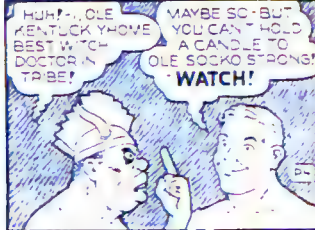


-HO!-HO!-AS A WITCH
DOCTOR, YOU **SMELL!**
YOU'RE NOTHING
BUT A
**JITTER-
BUG!**



HUH?-W, OLE
KENTUCK YHOM-
BEST WITCH-
DOCTOR IN
TRIBE!

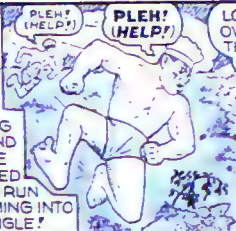
MAYBE SO- BUT
YOU CAN'T HOLD
A CANDLE TO
OLE SOCKO STRONG!
WATCH!



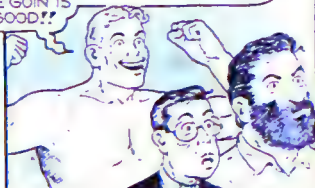
SOCKO
UNSLINGS HIS
MOTION
PICTURE PRO-
JECTOR AND
QUICKLY
FOCUSES IT
ON THE WALL
OF THE
CHALK
CLIFF-



-AT THE
SIGHT OF
THE
PICTURE,
WHICH
SEEMS
TO BE
ERUPTING
ROCK AND
FIRE, THE
TERRIFIED
NATIVES RUN
SCREAMING
INTO THE
JUNGLE!



LOOK AT THEM RUN!-- THE SHOW IS
OVER, BOYS!-- LET'S GET GOIN' WHILE
THE GOIN' IS
GOOD!!



THROUGHOUT
THE NIGHT
SOCKO, JERRY,
AND SEDBURN
CRASH THROUGH
THE JUNGLE,
PUTTING MILES
BETWEEN
THEM AND
THE NATIVES.



I FIGGER
WE OUGHTA
BUILD A
SIGNAL
FIRE--

NO!-IF WE BUILD A FIRE, WE'LL HAVE
THE NATIVES ON OUR NECK IN
NO TIME!



THE SHIP IS STANDING STILL--
PROBABLY ANCHORED FOR
THE NIGHT--WE'VE GOT
TIME TO
BUILD A
RAFT!



HASTILY BIND-
ING TOGETHER
SOME FALLEN
LOGS WITH
STOUT VINES,
AND USING
TREE BRANCHES
AS PADDLES,
OUR FRIENDS
SET OUT FOR
THE SHIP-

THAT'S A MIGHTY
QUEER LOOKING
CRAFT-IT MUST BE
HUNDREDS
OF YEARS
OLD!



DON'T
SEE
ANY
LIGHTS!

K-KINDA
S-S-SPOOKY
-AIN'T
IT?



GOOD HEAVENS!-LOOK AT THE
NAME PAINTED ON THE BOW-
THE FLYING
DUTCHMAN!!



THE FLYING DUTCHMAN

-THE SHIP WHOSE CAPTAIN WAS
CONDEMNED FOR HIS CRIMES
TO SAIL THE SEVEN SEAS UNTIL
JUDGEMENT
DAY!



DRAWING
ALONGSIDE
THE SILENT
VESSEL, THE
THREE ADVEN-
TURERS GRAB
HOLD OF A
ROPE HANGING
OVER THE
SIDE AND
CLAMBER
ABOARD
SHIP--



LISTEN!

S-SOUNDS
LIKE
SOMEBODY
M-MOANIN'!

-AND
DRAGGING
CHAINS!



M-MAYBE
IT WAS
THE
W-WIND!

BUT-THERE
IS NO
WIND!

THAT'S RIGHT!
THERE IS NO
WIND!



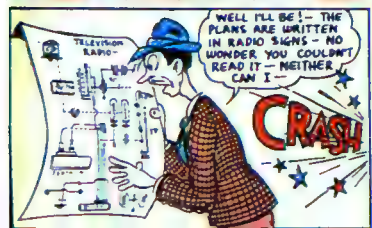
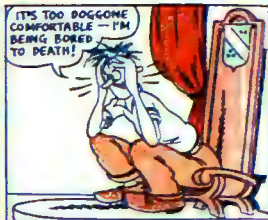
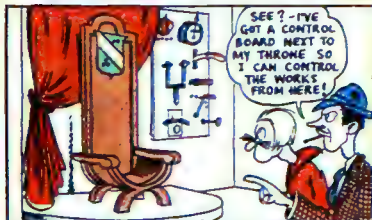
I DON'T LIKE
THIS-I MOST
CERTAINLY
DO NOT!

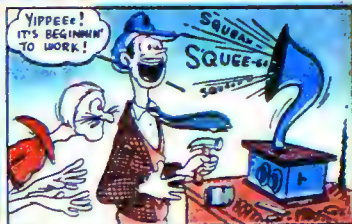


DON'T MISS THE
ADVENTURE
OF THE
MYSTERIOUS
FLYING
DUTCHMAN
IN NEXT
MONTH'S
ISSUE!!

Don Coyote

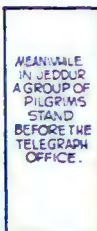
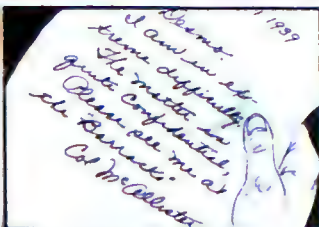
OF THE 16TH CENTURY

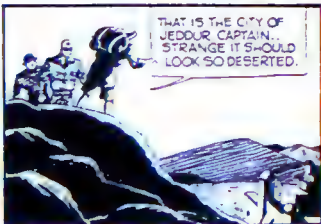
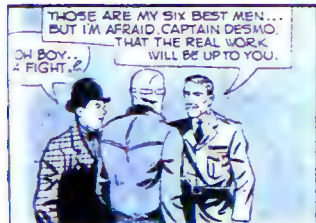
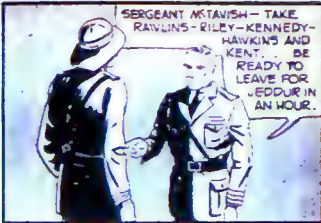




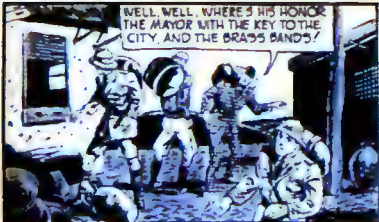
Captain DESMO

by *Win*





WELL, WELL, WHERE'S HIS HONOR
THE MAYOR WITH THE KEY TO THE
CITY, AND THE BRASS BANDS?

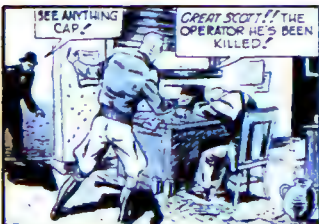


WALLS MAY HAVE
EARS... BUT IT
FEELS AS THOUGH
THESE HAD EYES!



SEE ANYTHING
CAP?

GREAT SCOTT!! THE
OPERATOR HE'S BEEN
KILLED!



I THINK ILL
TAKE A LOOK
AROUND IN
HERE.



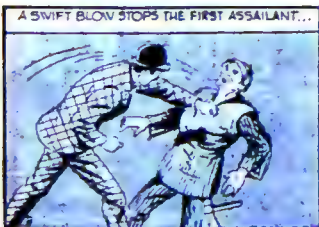
OH-- A MEETING!
WELL I'LL
DROP BACK A
LITTLE LATER.



ACCURSED UN-
BELIEVER--THOU!
SHALT DIE!



A SWIFT BLOW STOPS THE FIRST ASSAILANT...



THAT IS THE
SOUND OF A
MAGPIRE IN
TROUBLE!

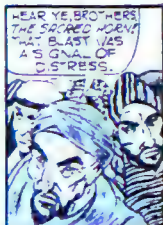




FROM A
ROOF TOP
A SACRED HORN
SOUNDS,
CALLING ITS
FOLLOWERS
TO ACTION



HEARING
THE SIGNAL
BLAST,
THE NAT'VES
MASS AND
RUSH
TO THE
ATTACK!



HORDS OF NAT'VES LITERALLY
POUR OVER THE ROOF TOPS AS
THEY RUSH TOWARD THE FRAY!

DESMO
DISPOSES
OF THE
FIRST
NATIVE TO
REACH
HIM...



THIS WILL HOLD THEM BACK
TEMPORARILY, AND GIVE US
A HEAD START.



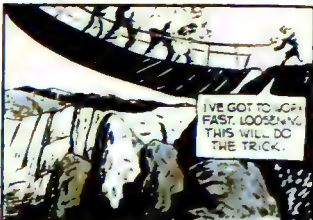
HURRY GANG,
THEY'LL SOON
BE ON US!

CMON, CAP!
YOU BETTER
HURRY Y SELF

DESWO AND
HIS PARTY
STILL BEING
PURSUED
REACH
A FOOT BRIDGE
OVER A
DEEP
GORGE



I'VE GOT TO WORK
FAST. LOOSENING
THIS WILL DO
THE TRICK.



FINE THING NO
BRIDGE... NOW HOW
DO WE GET BACK



THAT NIGHT THE PARTY RESTS BY A CAMP FIRE

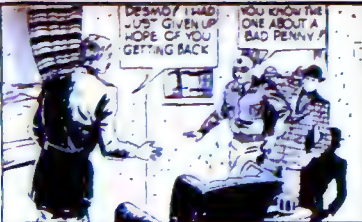
I SHOULD HAVE
HEARD FROM THEM
BY NOW... THE
SUSPENSE IS
TERRIFIC!



AT THE OUTPOST M'ALLISTER'S CONCERN GROWS

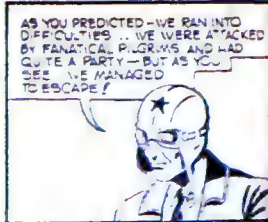
SUDDENLY THE BRIDGE GIVES WAY —
PLUNGING THE NATIVES MANY FEET
DOWNWARD TO A CERTAIN DEATH



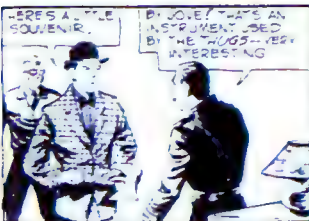


DESMOND! I HAD
JUST GIVEN UP
HOPE OF YOU
GETTING BACK

YOU KNOW THE
ONE ABOUT A
BAD PENNY!



AS YOU PREDICTED—WE RAN INTO
DIFFICULTIES... WE WERE ATTACKED
BY FANATICAL PILGRIMS AND HAD
QUITE A PARTY—BUT AS YOU
SEE—WE MANAGED
TO ESCAPE!



HERE'S A LITTLE
SOUVENIR.

BY GLOBE! THAT'S AN
INSTRUMENT USED
BY THE THUGS—VERY
INTERESTING



WHAT'S THE
GAG, COLONEL?

THUGS ARE MEMBERS OF A
FANATICAL RELIGIOUS CULT—
ROBBERS AND ASSASSINS—
THEY'D DISAPPEARED FROM
INDIA A SEVENTY YEARS AGO



LATER

DESMOND!
SANDY
GABBY!

WHAT IS
STASH-UP?



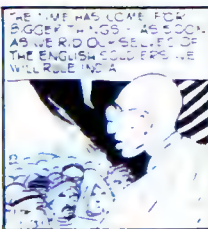
STASH-UP AND I
HERE THE THUGS
ARE GOING TO HOLD
THEIR RELIGIOUS
CEREMONIES—
SANDY WOULD LIKE
TO GO AND SEE?

DO YOU BET?
MAYBE THEY
COULD TAKE
THAT BLONCH—
SINGLE-HANDED
BOY-OH-BOY!

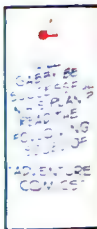


SAY NO, FAR IS THE
PLACE I BET WE'VE
ALKED A THOUSAND
MILES ALREADY?

WE ARE
NEARLY THERE.



THE TIME HAS COME FOR
BIGGER THINGS—AS SOON
AS WE RID OURSELVES OF
THE ENGLISH COLDFERS WE
WILL RULE INDIA



GABBY BE
SURE TO
PLAN
THE
FOLLOWING
OF
ADVENTURE
COMICS

QUEST IN INDIA

By

Terry Keane



THE setting sun, a glowing red ball in the evening haze, dipped slowly behind the distant mountain peaks. High on a winding trail in the desolate Hindu Kush Mountains, a small caravan came to a halt. The leader, a white man, heavily tanned by years of exposure to the tropic sun and heat, alighted from his burro and shouted orders to the guides and carriers.

The turbaned natives quickly busied themselves with the task of unloading the supplies and staking and feeding the animals. Water was drawn from a nearby stream and the tents were pitched for a night's stay.

Kenneth Stone, the leader, turned to his two traveling companions. "This spot's as good as any for a night's rest. We'll turn in early and leave in the morning before the sun rises and heats the valley up like an inferno."

Ted Collins, former football player and star athlete in his years at college, made his burro fast to the stump of a small tree and stretched his arms. "Well, here we are five thousand feet high in the Kush Mountains and only a day's journey from our destination! Do you think we'll find what we're lookin' for?"

"I sincerely hope so," answered the plump Professor Watkins, wiping the moisture from his brow. "I have spent over three years delving into every detail of the map and everything seems to check

perfectly. Unless the whole thing is a huge myth, the Holy Temple of the once powerful Lasba tribe is right here in this section of northwest India!"

The three stood on an overhanging ledge and gazed out over an enormous abyss, dark and mysterious in the gathering twilight. The mountain peaks were splashed with vivid streaks of purple and bronze against the backdrop of a brilliant red and gold sky.

"Just imagine," said the professor, "for hundreds, perhaps even thousands of years, the temple has stood there unknown to the outer world. No white man has ever laid eyes on it nor for that matter, have any of the natives except our head guide, Ali Masb. And he only faintly remembers it as he saw it when he was a mere boy."

"He claims he belongs to the Lasba Tribe, doesn't he?" asked Ted.

"He's one of the few I've ever seen," said Kenneth Stone. "They are a rather peculiar race at that, haughty, aloof and for the most part rather unfriendly. However, Ali seems to be quite pleasant and easy to get along with."

"Well, tomorrow will tell the story," yawned Ted. "So what say we cook a little grub and then turn in for a good, healthy sleep?"

"Righto!" responded Stone, and he gave orders to the cook for the evening meal.

They ate supper, smoked cheer-

ful pipes of tobacco and then retired to their pup-tents. Everything became peacefully still, and the glowing camp fire flickered and finally died in the black night. Overhead a million stars twinkled and sparkled from their celestial perches.

Ted was suddenly awakened by the faint neighing of one of the burros. He glanced at his watch, and the glowing hands informed him that the hour was somewhere between three and four in the morning. He listened intently and thought he detected someone or something moving close to Professor Watkins' tent. Neither the professor nor Stone had been disturbed by the sound, for both were still in deep slumber.

In the penetrating gloom it was difficult to distinguish one object from another. He slipped his revolver from the holster and crawled out into the open. Noiseless, he made his way to the professor's tent but discovered nothing. He waited a moment or so and was about to start back for his own tent when the night air was suddenly pierced by a horrible, agonizing scream. Then all was quiet.

Stone and Professor Watkins were up immediately, with flashes and revolvers in their hands. They met Ted who was racing toward the spot where the scream emanated.

"What was it?" asked Stone. "Where did it come from?"



"Over by the natives' tents, Simon!" cried Ted.

They reached the natives' tents and found the place a madhouse of hysteria. Torches were lighted and Stone, searching the ground with his flashlight, came upon the body of one of the burro-boys. He lay face down on the earth, the gleaming handle of a knife protruding from his back.

Stone bent down and touched him. "The poor fellow's been murdered!"



The others gathered around and Ted noticed a small note attached to the knife. He picked it up, glanced over it and handed it to Professor Watkins. "Perhaps you can translate this, Professor. It appears to be a native dialect."

The professor studied it carefully and said, "It's written in the ancient Lasba language and obviously one of warning. Here's what it says: 'Those who seek the hidden mysteries of the Holy Temple will surely find Death.'"

"What do you make of it?" Ted asked Stone. "Could this thing possibly have been intended for one of us?"

Quite possibly," Stone replied thoughtfully. "Someone must have been watching our every move and evidently means to prevent us from reaching the Holy Temple even by resorting to murder!"

Order was once again restored to the group of frightened natives, and Ted saw to it that the unfortunate victim of the night attack received a suitable burial.

Stone called to Ali Masb, the head guide and showed him the knife. "Maybe you can throw some light on this mystery, Ali. Where would a knife like this come from?"

The guide took the weapon in his hand, examined it for a moment and then returned it to Stone. "Heavily disturbed," he said. "Sahib

Stone, this knife is evil! On the handle you can plainly see the sign of the Two Headed Serpent, a symbol of power and destruction which the holy men of our tribe possess. They know of your mission and seek to halt you, and I suggest that you turn back before it is too late, sahib!"

"You mean before any more of us are killed, Ali?"

"Yes, sahib," answered Ali. "The holy men of the Lasba tribe will stop at nothing to preserve the shrines and mysteries of their faith that have been theirs for centuries!"

Ali turned and departed, and Stone joined Collins and the professor.

"Well, professor, we know almost for a certainty that the Holy Temple of the Lasba's does exist," said Stone, "and just now we've had a sample of what lies before us should we continue ahead. Are you willing to carry on?"

Professor Watkins straightened his shoulders. "I've come this far and I intend to keep going until I see the whole thing through!"

"And I'm with you every step of the way, professor!" exclaimed Ted, placing his arm around the other's shoulder.

(Read the adventurous and breath-taking conclusion of this story in next month's issue of ADVENTURE COMICS)

LIONEL SCALE MODEL

"LOCOSCOPE"⁰⁰

Given Free

As Existing Picture Show Seen Through Headlight Lens

Money Can't Buy This Locoscope and Allure of Railroad Fun!

How to Get This Lionel Locoscope Offered Free With Model Builder

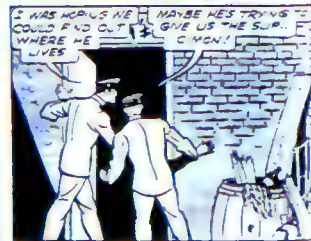
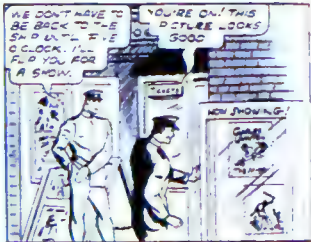
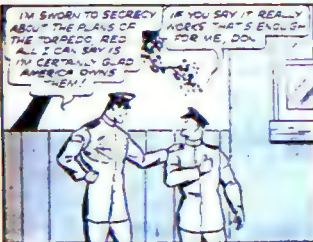
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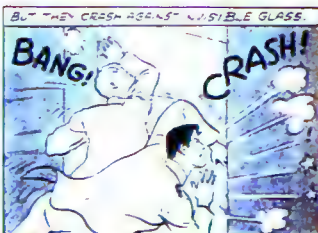
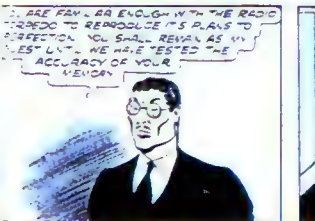
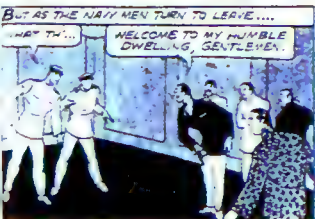
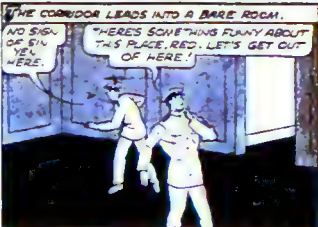
Sent Postpaid for a 2-Year Subscription to MODEL BUILDER

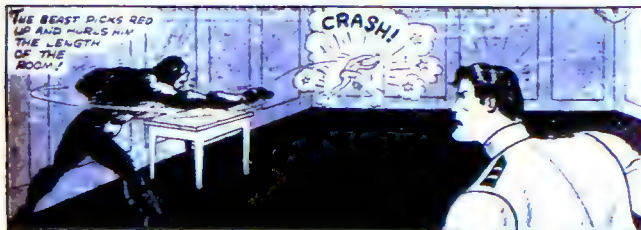
ANCHORS AWEIGH!

by TUNEY.

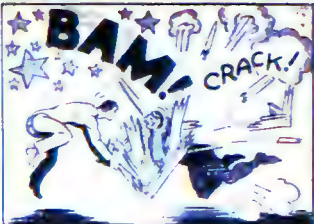
1. LIEUTENANT-COMMANDER DON KERRY HAS ARRIVED ON SHORE AFTER A WEEK SPENT IN STUDYING THE SECRET PLANS OF THE NAVY'S MOST PRIZED POSSESSION... THE RADIO CONTROLLED TORPEDO.







R-R-R!



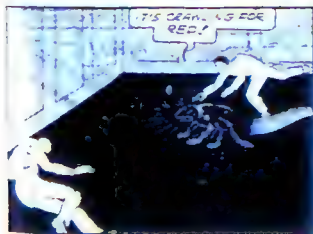
BEFORE KERRY CAN FINISH OFF THE GORILLA MAN...

HE'S GOING DOWN!

THE FLOOR'S PAVELED WITH TRAP DOORS!

KERRY, YOU WERE MOST FORTUNATE BUT WE SHALL SEE HOW YOU FAIR WITH THE BOA-SPIDER!

THE STORIES HE HEARD OF SLYYEN'S GENIUS ARE TRUE! HE CROSSES REPTILES AND INSECTS LIKE BURBANK CROSSED PLANT LIFE!



THE REPTILIAN INSECT COILS ITSELF AROUND DON WITH CRUSHING FORCE!

THIS THING IS HALF BOA CONSTRUCTOR.
IT WILL TRY TO SQUEEZE ME
TO DEATH!



THE BLACK SPIDER'S HEAD
OF THE BOA CANNOT GET
AT HIM UNTIL HE WORKS



EVERYTHING IS TURNING
BLACK... HOW MUCH
LONGER CAN THIS
THING LIVE WITH-
OUT AIR?



SUDDENLY THE MONSTER GOES LIMP.



FOR THE LAST TIME, LIEUTENANT,
WILL YOU GIVE ME THE
INFORMATION?

NO!



THEN YOU SHALL SEE YOUR FRIEND EATEN
ALIVE BY A MONSTER MORE HORRIBLE THAN
YOUR WILDEST NIGHTMARE...
THE OCTO-DILE!



GLASS! HE'S DROPPED A HEAVY WALL
OF GLASS FROM THE CEILING! NOW
I'M POWERLESS TO HELP
RED!



IN A FLOOD OF WATER COMES THE HUGE OCTO-DILE!

RED!



REVIVED BY THE WATER, RED JUMPS ASIDE.



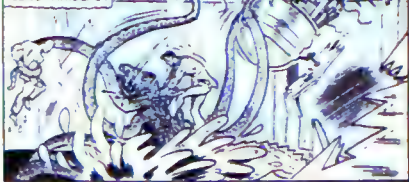
INFLAMED BY HIS ABLE PREY, THE BIG MONSTROSITY SWINGS A HUGE TENACLE.



THIS PIECE OF GLASS
MAKES A GOOD
SWORD!



CRAZED BY PAIN,
THE MONSTER
RUNS AMUCK.



THERE'S A PASSAGEWAY
IN HERE LEADING TO
THE STREET!



SIN YEN'S HOUSE OF HORRORS AND ITS
MYSTERIES GO UP IN FLAMES....

THOSE TWO MUST
HAVE HAD QUITE
A TIME GETTING
OUT OF THERE!

AND THAT'S THE
"RUTH" EN, DON?

RIGHT!

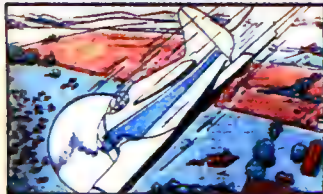


NEXT MONTH,
HIGH ADVENTURE AT THE BOTTOM OF THE PACIFIC!

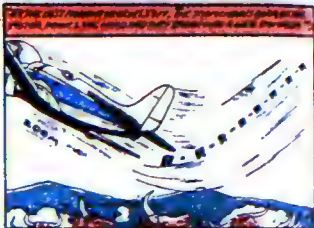
Skip Schuyler

by
TOM HICKY

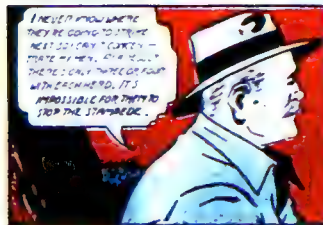




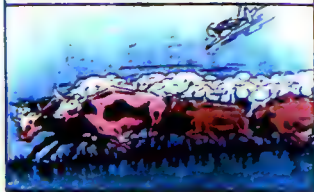
"MY MEN REPORT THAT AN AIRPLANE CIRCLES OVERTHEAD AND THEN DIPS AT WHICHEVER HERD THEY'RE SPOTTED FOR THIS DAY."



"THE PLANE KEEPS TYPING THE HERD AND CIRCLES IT SEVERAL TIMES UNTIL THEY REACH THE HIGHWAY."



"I NEVER KNOW WHERE THEY'RE GOING TO STRIKE NEXT SO I SAY 'COWBOY' STATE - MEN, AIRCRAFT - THERE: ONLY THREE OR FOUR WITH EACH HERD. IT'S IMPOSSIBLE FOR THEM TO STOP THE STAMPEDE."



"ON THE HIGHWAY ARE SEVERAL MEN ARMED WITH TOMMY GUNS. THEY HAVE AUTOS WITH TRAILER TRUCKS ATTACHED"



"THE STAMPEDE IS BROKEN BY THE LINE OF COPS. THEY HAVE A FEW EXPERT HORSEMEN WHO HERD THE CATTLE INTO THE STAMPEDES. WHEN THEY'RE LOADED UP THEY HAVE A GET AWAY"

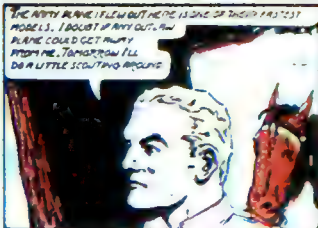


"THEY CHARGE THEM IN EXCITE WITH A HAIL OF BULLETS SO IT IS IMPOSSIBLE FOR ANY ONE TO PURSUE THEM"





WELL COLONEL, WE'LL
Y CAN'T FIRE WITH FIRE, OR
FATHER AIRCRAFT
WITH AIRCRAFT!



THE FIFTY PLANE I FLEW OUT HERE IS ONE OF THEIR FASTEST
MODELS. I DOUBT IF ANY OUT-OF-PLANE
PLANE COULD GET AWAY
FROM ME. TOMORROW I'LL
DO A LITTLE SCOUTING AROUND



THE NEXT DAY

GOOD LUCK
SHIP.

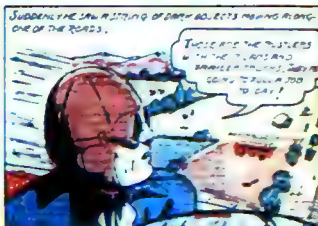
BE CAREFUL SHIP.
THESE CATTLE RUSTLERS
ARE A DANGEROUS bunch.
THEY'LL SHOOT TO KILL
IF THEY'RE CORNERED.



THERE HE GOES!
OH GRACE, DON'T
WORRY ABOUT HIM?



HE GLANCED AROUND, LOOKING OVER THE OUTLYING SECTIONS OF
THE CAMPBELL RANCH. BELOW HIM HE COULD SEE SEVERAL HERDS
OF CATTLE SCATTERED ABOUT IN VARIOUS GRADING PASTURES.

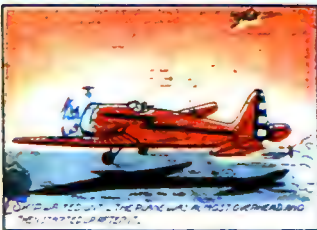


SUDDENLY HE SAW A SIGHTING OF DARK OBJECTS MOVING ALONG
ONE OF THE ROADS.

THESE ARE THE THIEVES
WITH THE TRAPS AND
BARRELS OF GUNS. THEY'RE
GOING TO ROB A GOOD
COWBOY!



HE DROPPED DOWN AND LANDED IN A LARGE PASTURE.
HE WALKED IN HIS PLANE AND WAITED. IN ABOUT
TEN MINUTES HE HEARD THE SOUND OF A
TRUCK COMING OUT OF THE WOODS.



JOHN TRIED TO CLIMB OVER THE OTHER PLANE, HE JUMPED OUT AND "PARTED FOR THE OUTWARD PASS." BUT THE LATTER HAD REGAINED CONTROL OF HIMSELF. HE DROVE HIS GUN.



AS THE BOMB HIT, NO EXPLOSION. THE MAN IN THE PLANE SAID "USA MUST WIN. I'VE BEEN HIT BY THE BOMB. I'VE BEEN HIT BY THE BOMB. I'VE BEEN HIT BY THE BOMB."



JOHN SAW THE "TWO DEAD" MEN. JOHN SAW THE "TWO DEAD" MEN.



JOHN PULLED THE MAN FROM THE COCKPIT AND CARRIED HIM OVER TO HIS OWN PLANE.



I'VE JUST FOUND THE MAN WHO WAS HIT BY THE BOMB. HE'S ALIVE. HE'S ALIVE. HE'S ALIVE.

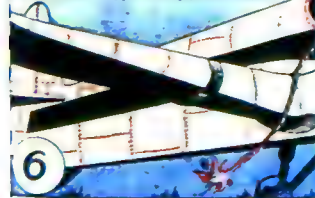
"HOW TO GET RID OF THAT PURPLE BOMB WON'T BE MANY MORE LIKE TO THE PICTURE. SOME OF THE BOMB BOMBED A CRASHING WILL BE THE OTHER."



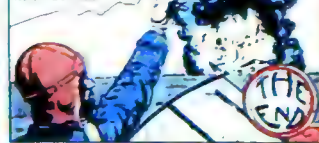
JOHN THEN DROPPED THE ROPE INTO THE "A" LINE. ANOTHER BOMBED IT COMPLETELY. THEN HE LEFT ONE END IN THE TANK AND LET THE OTHER END OF THE ROPE TRAIL DOWN TO THE GROUND.



AS THEY TOUCHED A MATCH TO THE GROUND END OF THE ROPE, THE PLANE WENT HEAVILY TOWARDS THE GROUND.



JOHN JUMPED ON TO HIS OWN SHIP AND TRIED TO THE OTHER END OF THE FIELD. IN A SAFE DISTANCE HE WATCHED THE PLANE EXPLODE WITH A BOMB. REVEALED ON THAT ALL THE LITTLE THINGS THAT WERE THE "TWO DEAD" MEN.



THE END

RUSTY

AND HIS PAL'S BY

BOB
KANE

IN THE LAST INSTALLMENT OUR FRIENDS HAD LEFT THEIR VILLANOUS ENEMIES TO A DESERVING FITE UPON THE SINKING ISLAND, AND ARE NOW WINGING THEIR WAY OVER THE WATERS.

WELL, I GUESS THAT'S THE LAST WE'LL EVER SEE OF LONG SIN AND THE OTHERS, EH, STEVE?

I HOPE SO RUSTY! AT LEAST WE HAVE NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT NOW, AND THAT'S A RELIEF.

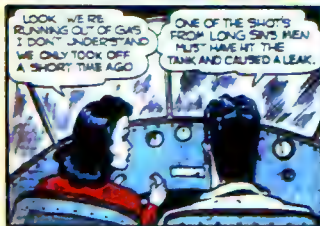


I'VE CERTAINLY LEARN'T MY LESSON. NO MORE EXCITEMENT FOR ME AS LONG AS... WHAT'S THAT? THE MOTORS MISSING.



LOOK, WE'RE RUNNING OUT OF GAS. I DON'T UNDERSTAND WE ONLY TOOK OFF A SHORT TIME AGO.

ONE OF THE SHOTS FROM LONG SIN'S MEN MUST HAVE HIT THE TANK AND CAUSED A LEAK.



WE'RE BEGINNING TO FALL... I'M GOING TO TRY TO GLIDE HER ON THE OCEAN, BETTER HOLD TIGHT!

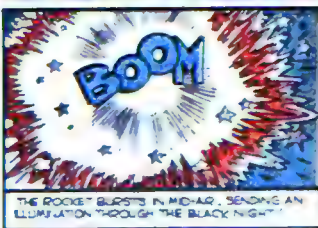
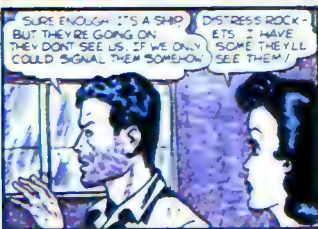
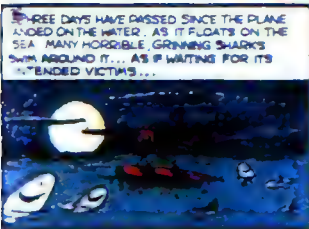
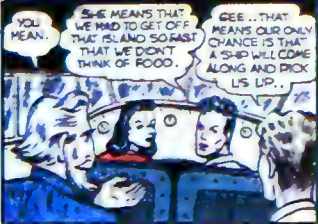


WITH NO MORE PRECIOUS FUEL IN THE TANK THE PLANE STARTS TO FALL LIKE A GIANT WOUNDED BIRD, FASTER AND FASTER TOWARD THE HUNGRY WAVES...



BUT THE SOILED HAND OF THE DUCHESS GRADUALLY PULLS THE PLANE OUT OF ITS MADDOENING SPIN AND GLIDES IT GENTLY TO SAFETY UPON THE WATERS.





ON BOARD THE PASSING SHIP...

LOOK, SIR, DISTRESS SIGNALS. SOMEONE IN TROUBLE!

HM YES THERE'S A PLANE OUT THERE. ORDER FULL SPEED AHEAD. WE'LL SEE WHAT'S THE MATTER.

THEY'VE SEEN US. THE SHIP IS TURNING AROUND

THANK GOD. THANK GOD.

OH DEAR. I THINK I'M GOING TO BE SISSY AND CRY

YOU POOR KID. THE STRAIN HAS BEEN TOO MUCH FOR YOU THERE. THERE EVERYTHING IS ALL RIGHT NOW

SOME TIME LATER AFTER THE UNFORTUNATE OCCUPANTS OF THE PLANE ARE PICKED UP THE SHIP RESUMES ITS JOURNEY...

BELOW IN THE MESS HALL...

SAY TUBBY. THAT'S THE FIFTH BOWL OF SOUP YOU'VE HAD. BETTER LEAVE SOME ROOM FOR THE HAMBURGERS

SLUP!
SLUP!!

I DON'T THINK I'VE THANKED YOU FOR NOT TELLING THE CAPTAIN THAT I WAS CONNECTED WITH THE COUNTERFEITING RING

FORGET IT DUANE. BY THE WAY WHO'S YOUR REAL NAME

I WOULD LIKE YOU TO CALL ME DUANE

I'D LIKE TO CALL YOU DARLING, IF I MAY... DUANE THAT'S A LOVELY NAME FOR A LOVELY GIRL

DUANE

OH STEVE

TWO DAYS LATER THE SHIP DOCKS AT LIVERPOOL WHERE THE GANG IS MET BY REPORTERS WHO BESIEGE THEM WITH QUESTIONS...

HOW MANY DAYS DO YOU SPEND ON THE WATER IN THE PLANE?

IS IT TRUE THAT 'LONG SIN' DIED ON THE ISLAND?

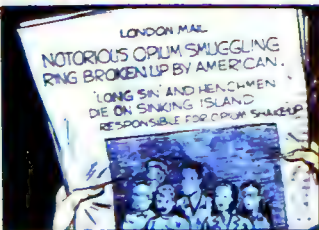
BOYS PLEASE ONE QUESTION AT A TIME - NOW AS FAR AS



THE NEXT DAY... LIVERPOOL HOUSE, THE CHINATOWN OF LONDON... A SQUALID QUARTER REeking OF FILTH AND CRIME. INSIDE ONE OF ITS NUMEROUS 'SALOONS'...

IS HE IN SIDE?

HE'S IN THE BACK-ROOM.



THE SILHOUETTED FIGURE RAISES HIS HEAD REVEALING THE EVIL FACE OF 'CHEN FU' THE SECRET HEAD OF A VAST OPIUM RING

SO THAT IS WHY I HAVE NOT HEARD FROM 'LONG SIN' OUR LAST PRISONER OF OPIUM IS 'LST' ALL THAT OPIUM 'ME' AND 'LONG SIN' 'HEAD' ALL BECAUSE OF THAT AMERICAN 'STEVE' 'ARTER' / I MUST BE AVENGED



'CHEN FU' CALLS IN TWO OF HIS HENCHMEN

GENTLEMEN LISTEN CLOSELY! OBSERVE THIS PICTURE OF THE BOY CALLED RUSTY. ENGRAVE HIS FACE UPON YOUR MEMORY AND BRING HIM HERE! I WOULD LIKE TO ENTERTAIN HIM. HEH HEH HEH!



NEXT DAY
"AY STEVE I THINK GO OUT AND TAKE A WALK AROUND
ALL RIGHT RUSTY BUT DON'T GET LOST LONDON IS A BIG CITY, YOU KNOW



AS RUSTY WANDERS ABOUT THE STREETS OF LONDON HE DOES NOT NOTICE TWO SINISTER FIGURES FOLLOWING HIM... WAITING THEIR OPPORTUNITY TO STRIKE!



TO BE CONTINUED

COTTON CARVER

AND THE LAND OF THULE



COTTON CARVER, ON HIS QUEST FOR A PATH TO UPPER EARTH HAS COME THROUGH THE TEMPLE OF THE HEARTSTONE TO THE GOLDEN GOD, DAGAN.

AND THE SECRET OF THE TALKING STATUE IS REVEALED!

SO SHE IS THE ONE WHO MADE THE IMAGE SPEAK!



DO NOT DESERT US, O MIGHTY ONE! I FEAR THIS STRANGE PLACE!

FEAR NOT, KOTHE. I AM MERELY CURIOUS.

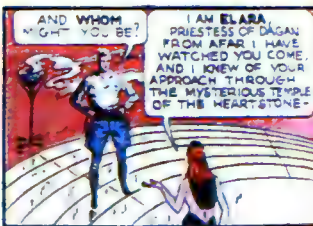


APPROACH, STRANGE WHITE WARRIOR!



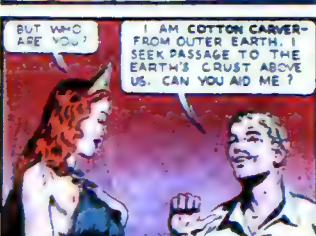
AND WHOM MIGHT YOU BE?

I AM ELARA, PRIESTESS OF DAGAN. FROM AFAR I HAVE WATCHED YOU COME, AND I KNEW OF YOUR APPROACH THROUGH THE MYSTERIOUS TEMPLE OF THE HEARTSTONE.



BUT WHO ARE YOU?

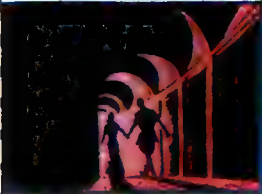
I AM COTTON CARVER - FROM OUTER EARTH. I SEEK PASSAGE TO THE EARTH'S CRUST ABOVE US. CAN YOU AID ME?



AYE. COME WITH ME. YOUR FRIENDS SHALL BE SAVED BY VOGGOTH - WITH A STRONG MEDICINE. THEY ARE SAFE. COME.



DEEP INTO THE GOLDEN STATUE
ELARA LEADS COTTON



ENTER,
COTTON
CARVER!

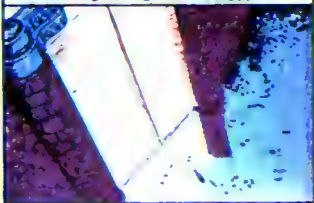


-HOW DOES
THIS BOAT
MOVE AS
-THERE
ARE NO
OARS!

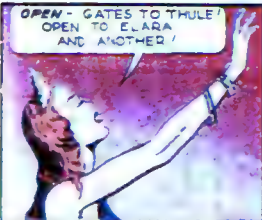
THERE ARE OTHER
STRANGER WONDERS
TO COME!



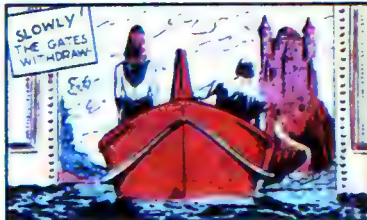
- THE GATES OF THULE -



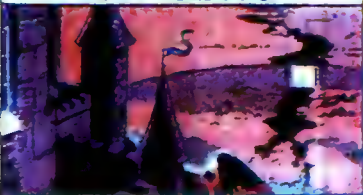
OPEN - GATES TO THULE!
OPEN TO ELARA
AND ANOTHER!



SLOWLY!
THE GATES
WITHDRAW!



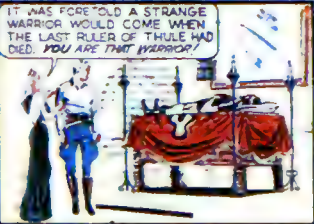
AND COTTON CARVER IS AT THE THULE'S
MIGHTY PALACE STEPS



MY DEAD FATHER LIES
ABOVE. COME, FOLLOW
ME



IT WAS FORETOLD A STRANGE
WARRIOR WOULD COME WHEN
THE LAST RULER OF THULE HAD
DIED. **YOU ARE THAT WARRIOR!**



BUT WHERE DO I
GO? AND WHY?



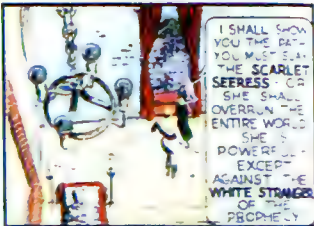
AND WHAT IS
MY REWARD—
IF **SUCCESS?**



THE PATH TO
OUTER EARTH
—IS YOURS!

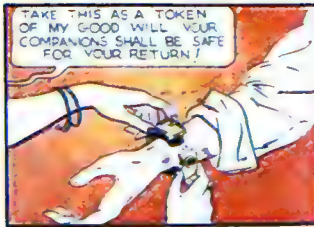


THIS IS THE MAGIC BLADE
MALAR— IT ALONE IS
OF AID TO YOU
WHERE YOU GO!

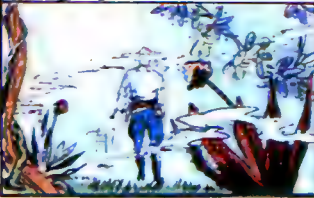


I SHALL SHOW
YOU THE PATH—
YOU MUST SLAY
THE **SCARLET
SEERESS**— OR
SHE SHALL
OVERRUN THE
ENTIRE WORLD—
SHE IS
POWERFUL—
EXCEPT
AGAINST THE
WHITE STRANGER
OF THE
PROPHECY

TAKE THIS AS A TOKEN
OF MY GOOD WILL YOUR
COMPANIONS SHALL BE SAFE
FOR YOUR RETURN!



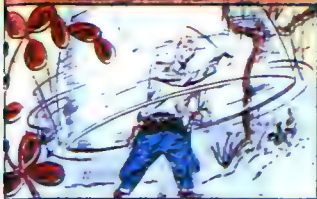
ONWARD INTO THE NEW WORLD!



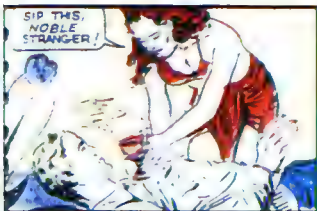
THERE ARE
CERTAINLY
STRANGE
THINGS
UNDER THE
CRUST OF
THE WORLD
UNDREAMED OF
BY MEN OF
EARTH. I—



SUDDENLY A GLASS BELL-JAR
GROSE OVER SCOTTON-



AND HE EXPERIENCES
A FALLING SENSATION!



SIP THIS,
NOBLE
STRANGER!

AND AWAKENS TO FIND -



I WANT
NONE
OF
YOUR
INFERNAL
BREW!



SLEEP--FOOL!
YET SLEEPING, WALK-
AND FOLLOW ME



ENTER
FOOL!



WHY HAVE YOU COME
INTO THE LAND OF
LOMA?

COME TO AVENGE
THE DEATH
OF THE LAST
QUEEN OF THULE!

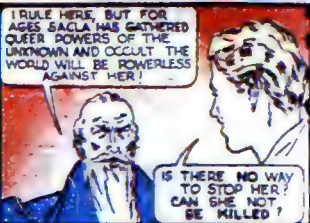


SACLA - YOU!
YOU KILLED HIM!

AYE, I DID.
I, THE 'SCARLET
SEERESS
AM READY
TO RULE
THE WORLD.
I BEGIN
WITH
THULE.
'FAREWELL
OLD ONE

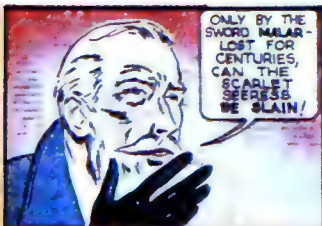


I RULE HERE, BUT FOR
AGES SACLA HAS GATHERED
QUEER POWERS OF THE
UNKNOWN AND OCCULT. THE
WORLD WILL BE POWERLESS
AGAINST HER!

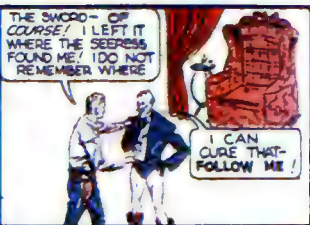


IS THERE NO WAY
TO STOP HER?
CAN SHE NOT
BE KILLED?

ONLY BY THE
SWORD MALAR-
LOST FOR CENTURIES,
CAN THE
SCARLET
SEERESS
BE SLAIN!

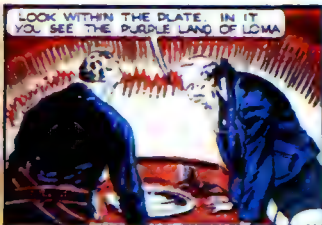


THE SWORD-- OF
COURSE! I LEFT IT
WHERE THE SEERESS
FOUND ME! I DO NOT
REMEMBER WHERE

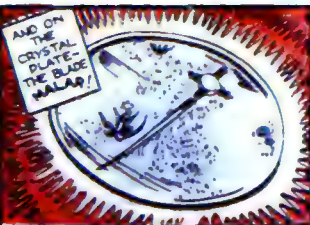


I CAN
CURE THAT--
FOLLOW ME!

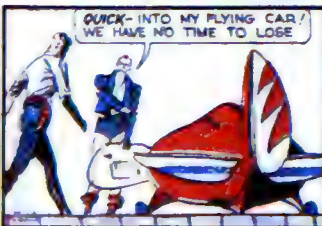
LOOK WITHIN THE PLATE. IN IT
YOU SEE THE PURPLE LAND OF LOMA



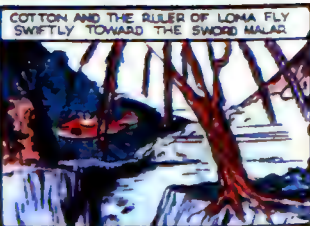
AND ON
THE
CRYSTAL
PLATE--
THE BLADE
MALAR!

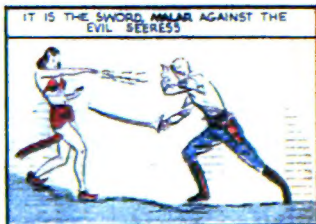
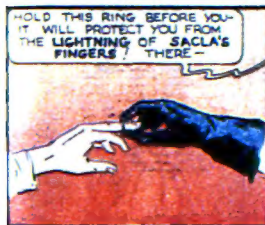


QUICK-- INTO MY FLYING CAR!
WE HAVE NO TIME TO LOSE



COTTON AND THE RULER OF LOMA FLY
SWIFTLY TOWARD THE SWORD MALAR





NUTS TO YOU!

EGAD ITS THE RIVER FOR ME

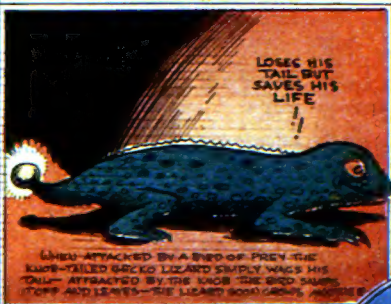


THE SLANG EXPRESSION "NUTS TO YOU" MEANT THE REJECTION OF A PROPOSAL IN MEDIEVAL DAYS! THE GIRL, INSTEAD OF SAYING NO—SERVED HER SUITOR WITH A PLATE OF NUTS!!

FANTASTIC FACTS

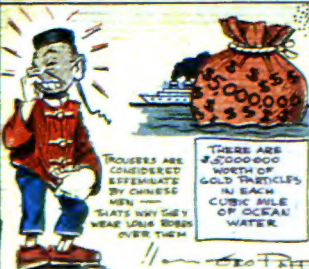
100 POUNDS SUPPORTED BY EYE MUSCLES!

'HOLY BEGGERS' OF INDIA SUPPORT AS MUCH AS A 100 POUNDS BY THEIR EYE MUSCLES AS A FORM OF PENNANCE!



LOSES HIS TAIL BUT SAVES HIS LIFE

WHEN ATTACKED BY A BIRD OF PREY THE KNOB-TAILED SKINK LIZARD SIMPLY WAGS HIS TAIL—ATTRACTED BY THE KNOB THE BIRD SNAPS IT OFF AND LEAVES—THE LIZARD SOON GROWS ANOTHER



TROUSERS ARE CONSIDERED EFFEMINATE BY CHINESE MEN—THATS WHY THEY WEAR LONG ROBES OVER THEM

THERE ARE 3,500,000,000 WORTH OF GOLD PARTICLES IN EACH CUBIC MILE OF OCEAN WATER



HE GOT HIS WOMAN

THE LOUDEST DEEPEST WHIST FOR AN ANSWER TO A PROPOSAL WRS THAT OF A GERMAN PEASANT—HE HAD TO WAIT 32 YEARS BEFORE SHE MARRIED HIM

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